

JULY, 1923

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# • THE • AMERICAN • SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER OF THE REVIEW

JOHANNES V. JENSEN visited America about ten years ago and *Little Ahasuerus*, as well as *At Memphis Station* in *A Book of Danish Verse*, derive their settings and local color from observations made at that time. His latest work *The Cimbrians*, a part of his great epic *The Long Journey*, is soon to be brought out in English translation.

ANDREAS HAUKLAND, like Hamsun and Falkberget, was in his youth an itinerant laborer and a peddler. His first work, a volume of poems, was published in 1899, but he made his real *début* with the *Bonsak Stories* in 1902, which showed him to be a writer possessed of lyrical sentiment and fine literary style, and one who could portray life in northern Norway with fidelity. Herbert G. Wright who has translated *The Terror of the Forest*

is professor of English at University College, Bangor, Wales. He is an Australian by birth, has lived and traveled extensively in the northern countries, and he is the author of a book on Anglo-Scandinavian literary relations.

The young Swedish novelist SIGFRID SWERTZ was first introduced to the American public by the REVIEW, and our readers will undoubtedly recall *Leonard and the Fisherman* in our last year's fiction Number. His best known novel *The Selambs* has now appeared in English translation.

AAGE REMFELDT of Christiania, Norway, is a Danish photographer whose pictures have been shown in the galleries of America's chief art centres, as well as in London, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Antwerp.

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## A FRIENDLY NOTE FROM THE WEST

"It is an indisputable fact and a joyful sign of the times that interest in the northern countries is greatly increasing in American circles in the Eastern states, as well as commercial interests. . . . Culturally, several factors have exerted an influence on the growing intellectual relations between America and the Scandinavian countries. A great factor in this as well as other countries is that these countries, in spite of unavoidable disturbances have survived the catastrophe without losing their hold on their own civilization. It is also worthy of comment that

Northern interests in this country had useful organizations for systematic co-operation long before the war. In this connection the American-Scandinavian Foundation particularly deserves mention. By means of its various excellent activities it has contributed much to strengthen the cultural bonds between the countries. We shall not here go more closely into how this has been accomplished. The influence of the work is at any rate tangible."

Editorial in *Decorah Posten*, edited by J. B. WIST.



*Photograph by Elfelt*

THE MOST RECENT PICTURE OF KING CHRISTIAN X AND QUEEN ALEXANDRINE, WHOSE SILVER WEDDING, APRIL 26, WAS A NATIONAL FESTIVAL IN DENMARK



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## Little Ahasuerus

By JOHANNES V. JENSEN

*Translated from the Danish by* ERIC H. THOMSEN

THE MANHATTAN East Side—the slum of New York—is full of children of all nationalities, a mass of little creeping things who have either been born in the New World or been dragged over there as infants by their emigrant parents. They are now going to become Americans, regardless of their language, origin, or past.

Children enjoy a privileged position in America; already as tiny babies they are treated with marked consideration as the American citizens of to-morrow. Who knows, it may be a future President who shows you the honor of throwing a snowball at you! Nowhere else do children enjoy their freedom so thoroughly as in America; they are allowed to do anything they like; the Republic is theirs. Everybody is watching them, but they may go wherever they like. They may sit in a street car, singing to beat the band; it can't be helped. They are not rebuked and are therefore apt to become a pest, but their parents can afford it. In America the bashful child with a finger in his mouth and a numb feeling all over his body is an unknown species. They get a chance to use their lungs and are on the go as soon as they can walk. Nor do you anywhere else find children who of their own accord commence at such an early age to find work for themselves?

They often start their career as newsboys; no sooner can they speak plainly than you see them air their fringed comforters in the draught below the stairs that lead to the Brooklyn Bridge, where street cars come swinging in a curve, making their deafening clangor on the track, while the L trains keep thundering overhead; and here, where you can't hear your own voice, where people are busy but must have their paper, here in this whirlpool, the shouting mite of five or six

summers is floating about with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, fresh and inky from the press—and he doesn't keep silent; he is not going to wait until somebody gets sentimental and lets the sweet little chap make money; no, he is on the job with the energy of a Zulu warrior, he butts like a small sized ram, and a constant jagged yell comes out of his throat: "*Journ'l! Wourld! All about horrible murder!*"

With one hand, black as a funeral from the printer's ink, he tears a paper out of the bundle, shoves it up to the man on the moving street car, and with the other little child's fist, already hard from the coppers of New York, he catches the cents, and immediately disappears; darting across the street for a new chance, he barely misses a passing street car; then crossing between the legs of a pair of horses and out-manceuvring a grown-up competitor, by now himself blue and hard in the face, he trips up a "friend" with whom he used to play marbles. "*Journ'l! Wourld!*" The tenderness is not out of his limbs yet; he still has all his milk-teeth, and yet he is already so far with all his tiny person that not only is he one of those who add to the fever of the metropolis, but he forces it; he outspeeds the busy ones; you can almost see the sparks he strikes from everything. And he is very cold-blooded at that—otherwise he would have no long life ahead of him; but he knows he has to act to be seen. The paper in his hand, the news, must quiver—horrible, horrible—and in this way the little Americans of the future from their very childhood get a natural training in the endurance of a tension that would be enough to kill any average European. He is like a wholesome piece of insanity—in other words, a perfect devil—when, standing on the curb with not a single customer in sight, he suddenly hurls his war-cry out in the air—"*Wourld!*" He is possessed. But the man of the future is exactly the one who is mad and knows how to carry it. Sometimes he gets invalidated at an early age by having a leg run off, but if there is a skip left in the other one, you can see him, balancing his seven or eight years on a crutch, take up the competition in the surf in Park Row; you cannot break him so long as you do not pity him.

Edison started as a newsboy.

And as a newsboy you can find little Ahasuerus on the curb outside the City Hall turned towards the multitude of people and vehicles over there under the towering World Building. He is just an ordinary newsboy to look at, but he surely is the very smallest in size—the size you could show for money: *the smallest newsboy in the world*. The whole mite may be perhaps four years. His little arm can scarcely reach around the newspapers which he carries folded in a parcel, a single paper in his other hand ready for sale. It would be more reasonable to imagine that this little chap was playing at being a newsboy, and had taken his position according to all the rules of the

game merely to enjoy the feeling of what it was like, while his big brother worked the real thing out where the fight was hot; but no, he is a big brother himself, and this is dead serious. Once in a while when the traffic gets to be particularly crowded and the noise outgrows itself, he also thinks that he ought to make himself felt and makes a step forward to the edge of the sidewalk, handing a paper out towards the crowd in general; "*Wourld!*" he yells again, and makes an effort to bark like an old experienced newsboy, and his little chest is tightening all the way down to his stomach, making him shrivel forward: "*Wourld!*" Naturally his tender child's voice is drowned by the thunder of the noise, but he has announced what he had to announce and again goes back one step, sticks to his post, meeting every demand, and, like a regular business man, "always aiming at giving everybody a square deal." Now and then some one gets the idea of buying a paper from this very boy, perhaps because he is so tiny that he makes a record, and then he must get a copy up as quick as a flash, get the cent in his hand, and immediately tear a fresh copy out of the bundle, ready for another immediate sale, as he has seen the others do: "*Wourld!*" And if he should reach the bottom of his supply he has been instructed to apply at a certain railing in the neighborhood where a man, who never says anything, quickly counts out another small bundle for him. And in this way the day must pass until daddy or mother comes and settles with the man and fetches the little one.

Otherwise he is left entirely to New York. He knows a few English words by heart which he is supposed to use in case he should get lost; they explain that his name is Leo with a Slavonic surname, that he lives in the Bowery and then a number that's awfully hard to say. What else Leo might have to communicate to himself while he stands there, thinking his little childish thoughts, takes the form of Yiddish, his mother tongue, of which he speaks a more personal dialect with his sister at home, little Marya, who is still younger. Leo misses her every day; she is as dear to him as the mother's milk he once drank and since forgot. The longing for his sister sticks like a pain in his tiny body, which is warm as a budding flower; he misses Sis so much on this hard job of his. And everything else that Leo can think of contributes to this inner swelling and gnawing like a growing sprout that lies bursting under ground; his whole being is one vague craving, his heart so full and big with wants that are already old.

For this is not where he belongs; he was born immensely far from here in a city called Lodz; and the world that was his starts with a back yard and a wall with a factory chimney sticking up, the smoke from which makes the daylight down in the back yard change like a constant restless procession of shadows, a bit of sky and then again gloom. In this migratory light Leo gained consciousness in a window sill filled with rainwater, in which he dipped one of his fingers and

then put it to his tongue—his first chance of tasting the moisture of the heavens blended with the dust of the earth, bitter, but unforgettable as the primal ocean of creation. Later on he was promoted to familiarity with wet flag stones and a sink outflow, through which raw potato peel would now and again be washed out into a grating, a mystery of height and depth to which he will never find the key and which will for ever remain buried in his recollection. And there he also used to help Marya build puff-puff trains out of firewood on the floor.

Then he knows something about a doorway leading to the street—the street that everything comes from; and he remembers a day when it was roaring with people and horsemen fighting the crowd with drawn swords; shooting and tramping that shook the earth, the end of the world with everybody running in and out, the air filled with doleful shrieks, broken windows and people with bleeding heads reeling through the door. Then Leo got on the real big puff-puff and remembers nothing but hard times for daddy and mother, always traveling, always on the road, until they got on board the steamer and saw nothing but water day after day. They kept on sailing and sailing, and to Leo this trip on the ocean will never end; he will always remain faithful to it because that is how his life started; his child's brain clings to the ship and the heavy rolling of the sea as to a home he has come from but will never see again.

The sun grinned through the clouds towards dusk, and on the foc's'le head where the emigrants crowded together and looked towards the vacant horizon, a baby face stuck out of a rough blanket and was swung high into the sky as the stem of the vessel rose; this was little Leo on his mother's arm, the youngest lookout on board, the fairy-tale of the ship. The steamer forced her way on, slowly thumping and heaving; heavy seas came down on the ship like naked warriors, their swords in their teeth; they were crushed and reduced to foam which was flung into the air and stayed there for the fraction of a second, reflecting the everlasting sign of the rainbow in its salt spray before it disappeared. In this play some of Leo's soul remains; that is where he is from.

Yes, Leo early became a stranger to his own childhood, an exile before he could walk, a searcher of eternity like the homeless wind. Now the back yard with the sink outflow and the wandering shadows has gone; the waves are no more; now it is the Bowery, high up following many black stairs, with no end of colored washing hanging to dry on lines outside the window, a battle of colors exposed to wind and weather. And here where Leo has been put to work stand the dizzy tall buildings, white steam flowing out of their tops towards the sunshine, glaring with thousands of windows, while shafts of shadow-like ladders to heaven lean from the roofs precipitously down to the



streets. And Leo is selling newspapers and longing, longing—for a past that never quite existed.

Life has only taught him a certain yearning. He is like a deep dream. But if trials have already put a personal mark on the little man, a still deeper fate lies in his blood—the uncertainties and wanderings of his ancestors. His little head with his oriental features is formed like a mask in which are reflected and lie dormant all the ups and downs which have bent and hardened the people of Israel. The ghostly large eyes shine with all the mysteriousness of remote Asian antiquity, thousands of years before Abraham broke up his camp in the country between the rivers and went to Canaan; they are still dewed with the sweetness of a herdsman's life that takes no note of time. Certain soft features around the wings of his nose are suggestive of Egyptian works of art and call to memory the days when Israel was making bricks along the Nile and met the sunny daughters of Osiris in the rushes in the evening. The crispy blackamoor's hair and a certain play of the features tells of a beautiful Nubian slave-girl, whose blood has entered the race at some time, and the square Assyrian mouth points to the weeping years by the waters of Babylon that surely did not lack any pastimes either. He resembles the portraits from Fayum, half Greek, half African, and yet Jewish. And now, as a matter of fact, he stands in New York as a little Polish emigrant, who can hardly blow his own nose, and sells *The World*.

He cannot yet read and does not know what he is saying; therefore, from his mouth, it may easily be taken as unintentionally symbolic, a brave and painfully comic challenge to the ungenial world in which he has become a derelict, when now and again he gathers all his breath to hurl a cry of "*Wourld!*" over the street noise. This is little Ahasuerus.

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One day the father remained absent from the little miserable room in the Bowery, where the window to the street was darkened every three minutes by an L train that thundered by and set the entire house jarring. Day after day passed, and the father did not come back. The mother cried her eyes out over the two little ones, who kept asking questions which they answered themselves, looking so wise, but understanding nothing.

The husband's disappearance, in a way never fully explained, was linked with an event in the Jewish world of New York, the big demonstration that took place on the anniversary of some Russian massacre.

One hundred and fifty thousand fugitive Jews on that day paraded through the streets of New York, an historical performance which was meant to petrify the world, but as a matter of fact only formed one more ripple in the human whirlpool of Manhattan. They



assembled over in the poor sections of darkest Brooklyn and went across the Williamsburg Bridge into East Side New York, all the way feeding on new supporters from the Ghetto until, like a human ocean, they turned into Broadway and filed in full marching order up through the city.

At intervals there would be brass bands in the procession, playing mournful melodies, the distance between each band being not so great but that one heavy dirge could be heard to mingle its wailings in glaring discord with those of another. Ancient Hebrew hymns, strangely gloomy and pregnant, dragged themselves along in a most unmerciful dissonance with the tones of Chopin's inevitable funeral march. And in this nightmare in the middle of the day through the modern streets of New York, where the doleful music created the effect of a procession of ancient ghosts, under this torn sky they came wandering six by six, one silent rank after another, wandering and wandering, all wearing stiff bowler hats that fell deep down over the back of their heads, as you will find it in whatever part of the world the Jews have been swept away to, every one of them with a long frock coat dragging at his heels, clothes that had been worn by bigger people before them, every one of them big-footed and flat-footed. That is how they file past with bent backs, their faces thrust forward in which the features may differ, as if borrowed from all the other peoples of the world, but in which the stamp is always Jewish, hard and smouldering; thus they come marching by, out of step, each of them lonesome, but to-day apparently in agreement on one purpose—for how long?

On lower Broadway the parade is lost in the bottom of the canyon formed by the skyscrapers on both sides and in the usual week-day traffic. The crowd is packed closer together on both sidewalks, and the police have to direct the vehicles through other channels, otherwise the parade creates no particular sensation; they are used to parades on Broadway; that is not enough to make them drop their work. Up on the huge frontages you can see a few people step out on the broad cornices high up below the window sills and look down upon the street. Pedestrians stand still for a moment to find out what it's all about: "I see, the Jews are having a parade, eh?"

In here between the closed cliff-like house fronts the sounds of the music are thrown back still more blaringly, and with doubled discord, now near by, now roaring in hollow tones at a distance like a subterranean uproar suggestive of doomsday, a sound as if the dead were coming! As always happens when music is mixed together, distorted and barbaric tones leapt up in the air, shrieks emanated from space as from invisible beings, loud flute-like notes that didn't come from any instrument but came about through interference, strange, naked, piercing shrieks that suggested the immediate vicinity of dead bodies, the air filled with weeping souls.

The parade did not get so far as to fulfil its purpose: that of having a monster meeting with speeches and resolutions. Having dragged its living protest in good order and to the tunes of the entire pre-historic mass of music up through Broadway, where colossal signs with mammoth letters in gold—Stern Bros., Haurowitz & Co.—glared from the skyscrapers of the merchant princes down on the current of drooping heads—it closed up in Union Square and broke into a panic. In a few minutes the legions had fled on all sides and disappeared, leaving no more traces behind them than does a dandelion when scattered by the wind.

How the panic started and what caused it nobody ever found out; there seemed to have been nothing in particular; it was probably a fit of what might be called "the Jewish fear," a sudden insanity at being so many people together in one spot. A lot of filings loaded with the same sort of electricity could not have dispersed more effectively than did this mob. It started as the people in the parade commenced to circle round in the open square, when suddenly some were seized with a terror that spread like an explosive infection; the masses crowded together, and as more kept on coming and everybody wanted to be in the center, it was as if a tornado struck down over the closely-packed, panic-deranged heads, and swept them all off the square before you could say Jack Robinson.

A few death cries sounded; otherwise the mob was horribly silent, moved mutely like the tide and with the force of an earthquake. On a certain spot in the square there was a pretty big wooden shed; that was overturned, pushed out of its place and rocked as if by a hurricane, now with one corner down, now with another; a man who had been up there with a moving picture camera fell down with his box and tripod, and kept swimming for some time on the waving heads before sinking to the bottom. Lamp posts and railings gave way like so many straws; policemen were being trampled to death. At first the masses churned around irresolutely, but suddenly threw a section over towards the northern gap of Broadway; so sudden, indeed, that several people were literally squashed up on the corner walls; other waves separated to the various corners of the universe, and soon the masses dissolved in a topsy-turvy, blind flight on all sides. It was as if a black wave of people had been washed up towards the wall of Manhattan and was being crushed into a foam that passed on and refracted the daylight in all the seven flash-colors of terror.

Nobody who participated in this new destruction of Jerusalem will ever forget that he saw the rainbow of hell.

But Leo's father did not return from this parade. The next day the place near a lamp post in Twenty-third Street, which he used to lean against—with a bunch of shoe laces around his neck for sale, dressed in long Russian boots and fur cap—was vacant and could be

filled by another peddler. A chair in the Astor library remained empty for a couple of days, the librarian wondering what had happened to the Russian who came every evening to study American social economics. But apart from that he was missed only in the little home in the Bowery. Here he was grieved over as only Jews, who have been taught it by their strict God, know how to grieve.

It broke the mother down. She was ill already; for a long time she had been coughing badly and suffering from a heavy feeling in her legs as if some one were trying to pull her down into the ground. Now her cough, mingled with an incessant weeping, soon broke her heart. It was as if a strange inhuman being barked out of her when she fought with her rough and jarring cough until the blood came, and tears furrowed her poor, despairing face. The mother had been so pretty, and her raven-black, girlish hair still stood about her head like a tornado, but her lovely eyes had become wild, and the seal of death was burning below her pointed cheek-bones. She leaned forward now, and seemed to have a deep hollow under her breast as if somebody had run the butt end of heavy log into her heart region. Her legs tied her down to the floor; she could not walk any more. Towards dark and during the night she lost her reason and was delirious; and during the day every time the trains rushed by and darkened the window, a glimpse of insanity came into her eyes. She had commenced to die and felt it every time darkness approached her.

But she still preserved the unconquerable smile with which she had met all misfortunes, a certain mocking mood that raised her above the accidents of life, as if everything that happened were not her fate at all. She was one of those who would laugh when everything was at its worst. And when dusk lighted the light of irresponsibility in her deep, grim eyes, with broad, shadowing eyelashes—the Fayum eyes that Leo had inherited—terror was opposed by a mysterious, hardy smile, a reserve of cheerfulness in spite of everything. Even when she wept, and she wept without ceasing after her husband had disappeared, her pain was mingled with laughter and inarticulate mockery. She was of Job's blood, her soul found its nourishment in misery; she herself could perish, but her nature could not die.

"Go home," she finally whispers on the last day, an almost inaudible wheezing, and she looks at the children with large cadaverous eyes. She lies, rattling feebly in her throat, but cannot pass away so long as the two little mites are with her; the agony of seeing them keeps her alive. The delirium has left her, and her clear reason has returned; she weeps no more; this must be the end.

"Go home, go", she begs again earnestly of Leo and Marya who are standing at the door, doubtful and holding each other's hands. She can only smile with her eyes; her mouth and nose have stiffened, but they recognize her from her wonderful motherly eyes, which

laugh like stars and embrace them in a world of love and light. Otherwise they don't know what to think, that almost isn't mother any more, she has changed so much, just as if that barking beast within her, that has made her so strange to them lately, had now completely taken her place; but no, those eyes are still mother's eyes. And finally they feel they have to do what mother tells them to do and turn to leave. They do not grasp the meaning of it, but as she is so good to them they cannot act against her wishes. The mother's eyes hang on them as they stand there, lost and obedient, fumbling the door and stretching on their toes; they still hesitate and look back. . . .

"Go", she moans. And they leave, tripping well-behavedly and blocking each other's way, still holding hands, over the doorstep and close the door noiselessly. Then there is a silent chuckle in her chest because they are so sweet, a lonely flickering sob of happiness, that passes over into the last unconscious fight with darkness.

*To be continued.*

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## The Wandering Girl

By JOHANNES V. JENSEN

Translated by ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER

*Who are you then, wild girl,  
Wandering by on the highway,  
Pushing your way in the wind  
In the red westerly sunshine?*

*It is late; are you trying to keep  
A tryst with the swift-winged tempest?  
He is a flyer! you find  
Him never until he has fallen.*

*The amorous wind presses  
Your thin dress to your knees  
The wind lingeringly outlines  
Your young wandering waist.*

*Why do you breast the tempest?  
Why bend against the wind?  
It will lift you; strive no longer. . . .  
The storm! yea, that is I.*



# The Terror of the Forest

By ANDREAS HAUKLAND

*Translated from the Norwegian by HERBERT G. WRIGHT*

## I

Like a dark drift the forest rolled down over the hills. The firs were so high and their needles so dense that the soil between the trunks lay black and always damp. But on the plain below the hills the woods had been cleared, and there the grass grew rank right into the blue-black shade along the edge of the forest.

The plain lay high. On each side of it were steep slopes down towards the valley, and on the slopes the forest again grew thickly right up to the edge, so that on all sides it was wreathed in dark woods. There was no view. It was shut in. The eye found nothing but dark needles, wherever it turned.

One summer day a girl of fourteen was tending her cows there. It was Sunday. It was nearly noon. The sun burnt from a cloudless sky. All the forenoon the little plain had boiled like a pot with dry, crackling heat. Now towards noon it grew quieter. Hot it was but quiet, without a sound.

The girl and the cattle made their way into the shade under the trees. And in there it was as if the heat from the plain stood like a wall and received the coolness from the depths of the forest; and the silence was so great that to the girl's ears it seemed as if heat and cold crashed together; and as all sounds which are otherwise heard died away more and more, when even the cows ceased chewing their cud and lay motionless with big wide-open eyes, she heard how there came a wandering from the hills down to the plain. It was as if the forest were moving and moving, or as if there came an immense crowd of people pattering on supple soles across the damp soil beneath the fir-needles.

The girl sat and felt a shudder run along her back and stared herself half-blind gazing at the hot light outside, not daring to look in to where the soft, wandering noise continued to come and come. Then one of the cows rose. Its joints cracked, and it gave a low moan. Then the girl started as if she had been struck. She turned round abruptly, and her face quivered as if she were about to sob. But the cow now stood perfectly quiet, with ears raised and eyes wide open. The girl looked into the forest, and she crouched with fear. To her dazzled eyes it was as black as night in there. And now she again noticed the incessant wandering, and nearer, nearer it came. More and more clearly she heard the soft steps across the damp soil beneath the fir-needles.

With a sob in her throat and trembling with horror, she turned



towards the cows and met their staring eyes. And it was as if the cows imbibed her own uneasiness, and they added to it with their big eyes. From eye to eye there went a trembling as if they heard one another moaning in the dark, not knowing place or path. And again a cow rose, and again the girl started as if at a blow. As she sat there all tense she heard its joints crack—a strange, skeleton-like rattling which cut through every fibre in her. She gasped for breath. Helplessly she abandoned herself to her fear. And while the cow was now standing in silence, there came again the wandering sound from the darkness within.

Then all at once she jumped up, for now it was so near that she no longer dared to sit. But as soon as she had got up, she sank almost on her knees, and she clenched her hands convulsively, for all the cows sprang up. The next moment she turned to flee towards the plain, when she saw, just in the one corner where light and shade met, a tall woman clad in blue. The shadow lay over her kirtle, so that the blue was almost black, but her flowing hair shone like spun gold.

The girl stood for a while as if fettered and saw the tall woman beckon to her. Then one of the cows moaned long and low, and then began to run, its tail in the air, across the plain and down the slope towards the valley; and the whole drove followed. The tall woman stood quiet over there, where light and shade met, and beckoned. She shook her golden hair so that it flamed in the sun and smiled a radiant smile. Then the girl began to run and, half-wild with fear, reached the farm down in the valley.

## II

In the middle of the valley lay a dark lake. Above and below the lake the valley was so narrow that it was only for a short time at mid-day that the sunshine reached down like a fugitive smile to the river which ran furiously and foamed and snarled, chafing under its eagerness, until it grew calmer and quieter further down, where the valley widened out towards the fjord as a broad, flat plain. Dense forest grew everywhere. Only on one side, facing south, had a big clearing been made which sloped gently down to the water, and small level openings, flat terraces along the hill.

In the big clearing lay a few houses, scattered about as if cast down there by a capricious hand. With their sun-burnt brown walls and the yellow straw on their turf roof they lay like scorched rocks in the green meadow. They were the buildings of Blackwater Farm. The house lay uppermost, close under the forest. Out of the low chimney oozed gray smoke which floated gently towards the trees and then remained hanging like a trembling veil, like a fine cobweb, between the fir-needles and the roof of the house.

In the house a middle-aged woman was attending to the fire. She was little and thin. Her toothless mouth was firmly closed, so that the

crooked nose and the chin, long and bent upwards, almost met. Her eyes seemed dull, as if they would not and could not see anything around them, and the broad, hanging lids made them still more weary and heavy. Even though she was attending to the fire, no gleam came into her eyes, and her movements were groping as if she were walking in the dark.

A sickening reek of boiling herbs filled the little room, and when she had stood bent over the pot a while, she straightened herself and wiped the perspiration from her face with a thin, bony hand. Then she stood absolutely quiet for a little while, and it was as if every feature of her face died. She wakened, revived as it were, when she heard steps outside the door, and there came something feverish over her movements when she set about looking after the pot again. But even in her eagerness her hands fumbled as before.

The door opened, very slowly, with a low, uneasy creak in its hinges, and a middle-aged man hesitatingly lifted in one foot after the other across the threshold. He was short and thick set, with a black head, flat-nosed, and with such a thick beard and such bushy eyebrows that the whole broad face seemed overgrown with hair. Yet under the brows, almost hidden, lay a pair of eyes which could gleam, hard and savage, but now merely inquired in hopeless silence.

The woman saw it and moved her eyelids and one hand. A gesture for him to be quiet, which he understood, and he became still more silent. He took a few steps across the floor with great difficulty, for he did not find it easy to move cautiously. Then he bent over the bed away in the corner and looked at the young girl, who lay there as pale as if she were not alive. Her face shone quite white against the dark calf-skin pillow. She lay there thin and worn with fever. He bent still lower, listening, till he felt her gentle breath like warm down against his cheek. Then he stood erect, looked across at the woman and nodded and smiled, seated himself on a stool by the bed and sat perfectly quiet, with his broad hands hanging between his knees. The woman nodded also. She remained standing by the pot, hardly moving, and neither of them said a word.

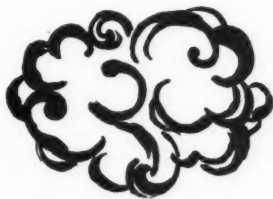
Yes, it was their daughter, fourteen years old, who lay there. From the day she came, frightened by the fairy, she had been feverish and had raved in delirium. Of course the old folk knew that neither elves nor pixies could enter the house, for a cross was cut in every corner, and knife and horseshoe threatened them on the threshold and over the frame of the door, while in the bed lay both psalm-book and steel.

But the girl moaned for days and nights, did not know where she was, only wanted to run, run, for they came trudging after her, countless pattering little old men, to seize her and shut her in the hill. And the fairy herself stood there and beckoned to her to stop, so that they

could catch up to her. Yes, she stood there and grew taller and taller, while the little old men rolled down over the ridge like a stream of gray beasts, like an endless wandering swarm of nothing but gray lemmings. Yes, she grew and grew, the fairy, till her face with the radiant, lying smile reached up above all the trees, up above all the ridges, and the stream of her hair flowed over into the sky like golden clouds, so bright that the girl had to shut her eyes for fear of being blinded. But if she suddenly opened her eyes again and stared with fear, because all the pattering sounds were so near, then it was as dark as if she were looking into the dark forest. Then the tall woman stood there with her back turned, and it was hollow like a trough and rugged and gnarled as if hollowed out of an old tree warped by the wind. And her hair was black and gray like old boughs with hanging lichen. The mother read a charm over the girl, and made a cross over her, and laid steel on her breast and forehead, but both days and nights passed before she grew calm and lay in a death-like stupor.

Now she must soon waken, thought the two old folk, and waited. And the mother watched the pot in which was boiling the drink that she should have on waking. They were so quiet, but full of hope that it was now over. But when at last her breast began to heave with gentle spasms and her breathing turned to an uneasy gasp, they stood close together bending over the bed, trembling with suspense.

Slowly she opened her eyes and looked at them, and then gazed further at everything in the room with wondering, thoughtful eyes. Then she closed them again and lay quiet. The mother fetched the drink, bent down over her, lifted her up from the pillow and gave her to drink. Then she laid her back in the bed and she lay quiet, breathing calmly, with a tired, restful smile and a very faint flush on her haggard cheeks.



## Four Norwegian Types

*Photographed by* AAGE REMFELDT



*By* Aage Remfeldt

A LITTLE GIRL FROM BERGEN



NINI ROLL ANKER, THE NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST

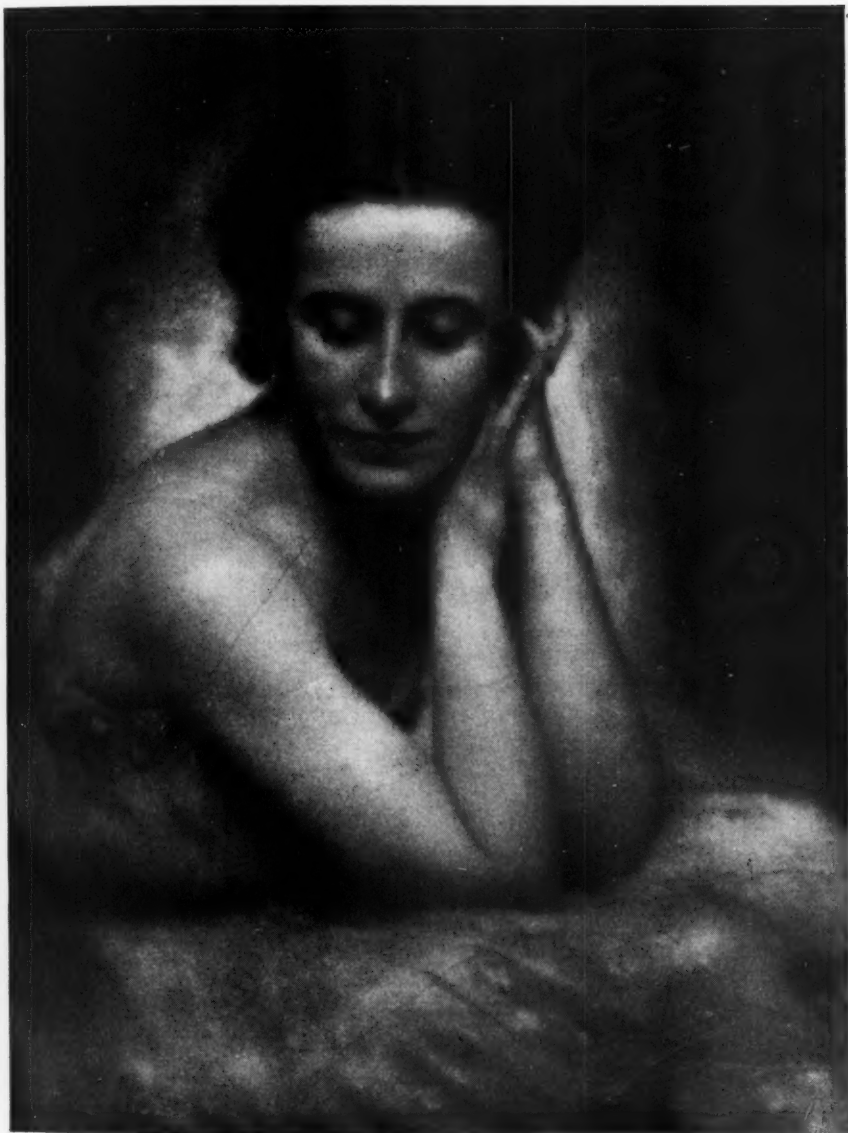
*By Aage Remfeldt*





A YOUNG NORTHERN BEAUTY

*By Aage Remfeldt*



LOVE KROHN, THE DANCER

*By Aage Remfeldt*

# The Lady in White

By SIGFRID SIWERTZ

*Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK*

THE LITTLE town slept in the noonday sunlight. Even the flowers leaned slumberously against the lowered blinds of the open windows. Not a human being remained in the court-house square. Down at the harbor it was equally quiet. A little beyond the big bridge lay a lumber barge with limp sail. It seemed that it would be hours before she could get in.

From a dressing room of the bath-house came a middle-aged man of rather spare figure, with a very white and delicate skin. He carefully hung his eyeglasses on a nail, sat down on the sunny side of a bench, blinked at the light and smiled to himself.

With that there emerged into the vista toward the bay a veritable walrus head; a coarse, hairy body shone through the green shimmering water; and with several sharp, panting strokes the giant plunged forward to the stairway, climbed up, and threw himself blinking upon the hot bridge of the bath-house.

The small, white-skinned man surveyed anxiously but with interest the face of the other; the eagle nose, the bushy eyebrows, and the bristly drooping mustache.

Where the deuce had he seen that face before?

Thereupon the walrus suddenly got up and stretched out his flipper.

"Why, devil's in it if that isn't little Modin!"

"Yes, I surely thought it was some one I knew. Good-day, Brother Axelson! Lord! but it's hard to recognize folks out of their clothes."

"Aye, your own dog barks at you when you're naked. I'm scared to death of myself when I look at myself in a glass." Axelson surveyed his new-found acquaintance with the critical look of a doctor. "You seem to be in good condition, Modin. Aren't you going to plunge in?"

"No, thanks; I'm just enjoying a sun bath. I love to sit here like this and take in the special bath-house smell of water and sun-steeped wood. It has a holiday scent, don't you think? Well, do you know, I hadn't a notion it was in this town you were a doctor. That's how folks lose sight of each other."

"Aye, I've stuck it out here these seventeen years now, you faithless little devil. And you've taken over your father's big antiquarian book business."

"Oh, you know everything, of course. The same horse's memory

as ever. I taught a while, but that didn't suit me at all. And so when my father died——"

"Your catalogue is always prized by connoisseurs."

"The first assistant, old Salin, deserves the credit of that. He's a faithful martinet. It's really the etchings and engravings that interest me. There's certainly a bad feeling among our regular customers because I can't let the finest things go away from me. I'm here to look at the collection of the deceased banker. I was here once fifteen years ago, while I was still a teacher. I didn't suspect then either that you were in the neighborhood. That visit is connected with an exquisite memory, a fleeting yet pervasive experience, which I can only compare with the fragrance of certain delicate perfumes."

"You're very keen about perfumes, my dear Modin; I remember that from of old. Is it because the sense of smell is the weakest of the senses?"

Modin made the gesture of pushing up his absent spectacles.

"The weakest? On the contrary, smell is an extraordinarily fine sense. We can distinguish the smallest nuances with it. The truth of the matter is simply this, that we have only fixed a few of these nuances in words."

"True. But at any rate smell belongs to those senses which have least to do with our thought."

"It has infinitely much to do with all that lies above or below our comprehension. It is in the highest degree a poetic sense, and I am sorry for any one who has a weak power of smell."

Axelson turned over with a grunt so as to be burnt evenly all over.

"Well, my dear Modin, now for your experience! This isn't ordinarily a town for great experiences."

"Very good. I came here by accident on a vacation trip. The ticket was good for a longer journey, but the train stopped, it looked pretty, and I got off. I left my knapsack at the hotel of Comfort and betook myself to strolling along the select avenues of Peace."

"Hm! Traveling is nothing but trying to get away from yourself with lies."

Modin seemed not to hear. He looked down into the water, which tossed up a thousand splinters of sunlight.

"It was a royal day in June: lofty blue heavens, a light breeze, transfiguration in the air. The gardens blossomed within their red palings and the daws cried merrily around the high church steeple. It was a day when one suddenly stands still in the blue shade, looks over the crosses in the churchyard grass, and finds that even death is gentle."

"Hm, hm!"

"Well, so I ate a light dinner and adventured out along the road

into the wide land of summer leafage. I have never in my life seen so much white bloom: hedge, sloe, apple, pear, cherry. I recall, too, a linden avenue—the gravel was quite yellow with the rain of blossoms—and the branches murmured solemnly.”

Axelson twisted himself over on his back again.

“Excuse me, my dear brother, but did you meet anything?”

“Everything and nothing, old friend. Without meeting a living soul I had got out into a landscape of billowy grain fields and meadows with islets of splendid old oaks. I walked along a blossoming ditch side and sat down on a mossy stone close to a fence that ran around one of the knolls of oak. It began to draw on a bit towards evening. The light had not yet the garish colors of sunset; it was merely a thought more golden than before. And in the low, warm light the green of the fields took on a full-toned richness, a vehement intensity, which I shall never forget. One speaks more often of an intense blue, but green too can take on such a tone toward evening.

“I don’t know how long I had sat absorbed in all this, when for some reason or other I turned around and on the other side of the half-dilapidated fence discovered a young lady dressed in white who was sitting on the same slope with me. She had let the book she had been reading sink down on her knees and was gazing similarly out into the wondrous living sea of color.

“At first I was almost taken aback at not being absolutely alone with my emotion, which was so overpowering. But I soon came to myself. Very good, thought I, at any rate there are at this moment no more than two persons in the world, she and I. And—can you imagine it?—I, who am ordinarily so shy and embarrassed in ladies’ society, began a conversation: ‘Here we are sitting, we two, as *staffage* for the loveliest picture in the world.’ Words glided off my tongue of themselves with a sort of gentle irresistibility which I have never felt before or since. Perhaps my words fitted in in some way with what she had just read in her book. She nodded with a slight smile: ‘Yes, it’s wonderfully lovely.’ I leaned against the fence. ‘How insignificant is all that *happens* in life compared to such a moment of afternoon as this?’ I said. ‘Even fate seems old and dusty, dusty with stage dust.’

“This was the introduction to a long conversation, at the beginning very lively—a conversation about everything and nothing, of various colors, of flowers and perfumes, of the flight of the swallows that wheeled above our heads.”

Axelson pricked up his ears.

“Swallows,” he muttered; “then there was a barn or a dwelling-house in the neighborhood.”

But Modin meanwhile heard only his own voice.



"Gradually the evening grew utterly quiet. I can still hear the soft, incessant rustling among the dry leaves heaped up in the ditch, a rustling that told of minute unknown lives. And I can still see her white skirt against the green hillside. Behind her the thick blossoms of the hawthorn shone mysteriously under black, dead branches in the green half-darkness of the oak wood. It was in truth a wood for the imagination, a Shakespeare's Forest of Arden. And the young woman I talked with was Rosalind. I told her so, and she seemed to appreciate it.

Gradually our conversation grew more serious. We spoke of special, intimate, personal memories and of our common interests in life. We weighed life and death with swift, light, sensitive words. What we said was simple, frank, stamped with the most eager and honest wish to give a living impression of our true character. It was a genuine contact of soul with soul.

"Well, then the shadows of the trees on the field began to grow long and contemplative, so we said goodbye. She picked up her book and gave me her hand across the fence, for I had kept on standing on the other side. 'Thanks and good evening,' she murmured, 'thanks and farewell.' With that she was gone into the woods. As for me, I went home to the hotel and lay down in my clothes with my hands under my head, and there I lay awake all night. That was the loveliest night of my life, I may tell you. I felt myself marvellously cleansed and exalted, lonely and yet not alone. Next day I went on where my ticket was made out for. And that was the whole thing."

Axelson smiled:

"That wasn't so terribly much."

"It was much to me, my dear friend. You have, to be sure, a more robust appetite."

"But why the devil did you go on? Why didn't you go back to your Forest of Arden?"

Modin blinked at the sun with a smile of quiet fanaticism:

"I am no fool."

"But it might have been something for your whole life."

"As it is it's something for my whole life, though of course you can't understand it. I dare affirm that never has a meeting of two persons been so unconstrained, so deep and free. People talk of intuitive thought, but here was an intuitive companionship without selfish purpose or social barrier. Never a second time would such a flood of clear and radiant ideas have surged through my consciousness. I tell you, the most involved concatenation arranged itself automatically with lightning speed like nodal figures at the stroke of the bow. And the memory of our communion remains always equally fresh and pure just because I did not wear it stale with further acquaintance. I don't lie when I say that I have lived in a sort of

spiritual wedlock with that unknown woman. Who can prove that the long years give more than one exquisite hour? Humanity is so brittle and changeable that a long life together must always be precarious. I have no idea whether she was married or became married later. But it may very well be that I know that woman better than her husband does. Strong impressions wear away. People can't be true to each other over a long period. For truth the great requisite is freshness, immediateness. Truth must always be new, according to my philosophy. Habit is truth's worst enemy. How then can a lifelong marriage be true?"

Axelson raised his eyebrows:

"Wait a bit. I must strike in and put a few questions before I get angry. For instance, it would be nice to hear a closer description of this lady with whom you have lived in such a remarkable wedlock."

"Very good, I can answer you, since I'm fully armed against all sarcasms. She was a woman of an altogether unusual feminine spirit. In her archness there was a delicate acknowledgment of her womanly limitations. And he who knows his bounds is already beyond them. She had, perhaps, no thoughts that were actually her own, but she had a quick, gentle receptivity which gave one the pleasant feeling that everything fell upon good ground and bore fruit a hundred fold. I begot thoughts and dreams upon her and enjoyed a sort of intellectual fertilization."

"But may I permit myself to doubt whether this glorified bridal mood really made such a permanent impression on the other person?"

"What right have you to do that?"

"Oh, one might suppose it was only for a moment that she reverted to the usual flighty sentimentality which lies like a broken husk around a woman's realism. The realism is genuine because it is rooted in suffering and the hard limitations of nature. No, woman is not what the bachelor thinks, not what either the ethereal or the crude bachelors think. It may well be that her instinct was whispering all the time in the depths: Look out for this man, because he is in reality a damned little egoist."

Modin did not seem to be impressed.

"That's just like you, Axelson," he muttered. "You were in the landscape then, too. You were the cornercrack. Just a harsh, obstinate noise."

Axelson grew all the more contentious. He strode back and forth over the hot bridge, unconsciously holding his fists where his trousers pockets should have been. At last he halted in front of Modin:

"My dear brother, we have come into a condition of moral nakedness. Permit me to be wholly frank. It looks from your body as if you had never tried a tussle with life. I take back the term bachelor, for, with your pardon, there is more of the old maid about you. Yes,

don't be angry. But, you see, you keep irritating me damnably with your misuse of the word marriage. For me marriage is a deep word, deeper even than the word love. Marriage is something big, hard; even rough, if you like. It is brimmed with sweetness and suffering and bitter necessity as inescapable as the fact that you as a little delicate creature have lain crumpled up in your tortured mother's body. One may say in a certain manner that a fleeting, loose relation is purer and finer than marriage, but that is a desertion from reality, an unorganic arabesque, a petty splendor. Marriage is an heroic word. Yes, because man and woman must inflict heavy suffering upon each other. Sex, which frets them both, must at certain times be felt as a curse. Between even the best and most sober couples there are times of despair and hate. There is a disease of hatred which is inborn in man. But still it is great to endure together. And an honest and deep despair is something quite different from a little cold and limp aversion without marrow in its bones. Everything that's honest, everything that doesn't falsify the fundamentals of life, has a worth, let it look as devilish bitter as it may."

Modin looked away, troubled by the other's confidence.

"My dear friend, I haven't desired to hear all this. From your experience you will hardly succeed in making an apology for marriage."

Axelson gave a jump.

"On the contrary, you little idiot, my marriage is an uncommonly good one. We have five children and are inseparable till death. I tell you this: Cut out woman from your life and you are only half a man! But that's enough of this. I'm now—deuce take it!—roasted through. Shall we get dressed?"

"All right."

Axelson dove into his cabin. But he had scarcely got on his shirt and trousers before he came rushing into Modin's compartment.

"Listen! Excuse a question. You were telling about an avenue of lindens and a grove of oaks. Do you happen to remember anything more definite about the road out?"

"I don't know of what use all this is. For the matter of that I remember less about localities than of my own feelings."

"Come, try now, or I'll think you are tricking me."

"I've a notion that I passed over a little bridge and under a high, red, shaky gable, that somehow made me think of Almkvist's story, *The Mill*. That was surely just before my digression."

Axelson's eyes gleamed.

"My good fellow, you must have taken a remarkable circuit, because the mill lies just two and a half minutes' journey outside the town. Do you by any chance remember a giant oak almost dead, which stood down on the slope away from the others?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Good, good! Then I may tell you that about a hundred yards from the place of your meeting stood a dwelling-house, though you could not see it; an ordinary, white-plastered, fire-insured, fairly well mortgaged, decent two-story house with young folks and servants and a croquet ground. So the wonderful loneliness didn't amount to much."

Modin carefully tied his necktie.

"You're making a fantastically vain attempt to rob me of my illusions."

"Just one more question: Do you remember something special in the white lady's appearance?"

"By something special you mean, of course, a blemish. Yes, I was really fascinated by a little scar she had on her forehead. It was a very decorative scar, because it drew up one eyebrow a trifle and at first glance gave her a lively and somewhat mocking appearance."

Axelson's whole countenance glowed.

"Splendid, splendid! I sewed that scar together. I know as much as you like of the lady in question. The doctor is the whole town's father confessor."

Modin made a gesture of refusal with both hands.

"I wish to know absolutely nothing, I beg you, nothing!"

But Axelson was merciless.

"This much you must know at any rate, that she got the scar when she fell off a bicycle. And that she lived with her parents in the white-plastered, two-story house. And that she worked at the postoffice from nine to one. And furthermore that she had probably just been betrothed in that very dress. You see that I know my community."

"But all this is most uninteresting, my dear Axelson."

"Not altogether, my dear brother, not altogether."

Axelson dived back into his cabin.

The two men were soon ready. Despite the summer heat Modin was attired in black, and very jauntily; Axelson, on the other hand, wore a gray check suit. The walrus looked very masterful and imposing when he was dressed. One understood directly that he amounted to something in his community. He stood forth on the quay and slapped the other man on the shoulder.

"Hope you'll do me the honor of eating dinner with me."

Modin, as a matter of fact, was much disinclined, but did not see how he could refuse. Axelson lived a little way out of the town. They passed through an avenue of lindens. The doctor from time to time ogled his friend sidewise. Modin walked slowly and often looked about him. He seemed irresolute. They passed a bridge and the high red gable of a mill. They branched off on a somewhat narrower by-road by the side of the pond. They rounded a hillside with oaks



and soon stood before a fruit orchard, behind which rose a white-plastered, two-story house. Axelson hastened to open the gate at the gable end.

"Be so good as to come in, my dear brother."

Modin hesitated, paled and grew faint, but Axelson took him by the arm and drew him hastily along.

Up on the veranda stood a robust lady of middle age, and on the lawn played several bare-legged boys.

Modin just saved himself from falling on the steps. He looked toward the edge of the woods with a helpless glance. But his host introduced him with a grim quiver of the mustache.

"Doctor Amadeus Modin—my wife."

With that Axelson's commanding voice rang out across the lawn, "Come, children, aren't you going to say how-do-you-do to uncle?"

The five boys came forward and bowed in turn. It was agony to Modin. He sank down on a sofa and cast an anxious sidelong glance over their close-cropped heads at the lady of the house. She was still dressed in white, and the scar over her eyebrow was still visible. It became her as well as ever, though in a different way. Her figure was full but firm. She had in her something of the matron, in the proud Roman significance of the word. They were a seasoned and vigorous couple, she and her husband. A noticeably stern matrimonial resemblance had arisen between these two persons, whom it never would have occurred to him to associate with each other. Their mouths had the same expression of sharp humor. Two veterans who had fought their battles side by side, they might have been marching along together for many years.

All of this passed like lightning through poor Modin's brain. He no longer believed actually that he knew more about the lady in white than did her husband.

Axelson was on the watch when his wife went in to arrange about dinner and pounced on his guest.

"Beware of white ladies, dear brother. So far it seems that she doesn't recognize you. But at dinner I may perhaps make her memory clearer. It's uncanny when the dead come to life, eh?"

And with that if the brutal dog didn't go on to hum:

*"Look out, my boy, look out, look out!  
'Tis the White Lady beyond a doubt."*

He then hurried in for a moment after his wife, presumably to order the wine. But Modin used the moment. He had no wish whatever to be recognized by the bride of his dreams. On the contrary, he seized his hat, bounded away over cucumber frames and strawberry patches, and swift as the timid doe threw himself among the sheltering trees of the wood.



## Current Events

### U. S. A.

¶ From the standpoint of international relations the selection of Stanley Baldwin, as the new Premier of Great Britain in succession to Bonar Law, is looked upon in Washington as facilitating in every way the respective debt problems of the nations allied in the great war. Premier Baldwin's visit to the United States for the purpose of adjusting the British debt to this country is recalled as having greatly impressed the administration with the English statesman's capabilities.

¶ Although the Fifth Pan-American Congress, held in Santiago, Chile, did not result in the solution of all the problems confronting the republics of the Western world, the opinion is that much good was accomplished. Considerable credit is given Henry P. Fletcher, the head of the American delegation, and Dr. Leo S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan-American Union, for what they did toward making the congress a success. ¶ All evidence of sex distinction in the Hall of Fame at New York University was eliminated when seven new busts were formally unveiled in the colonnade of the "American Pantheon."

Tablets have now been arranged according to specific classification and not according to sex. The newest addition of busts were of Lincoln, Grant, Hamilton, Henry Ward Beecher, Emerson, and Frances E. Willard. ¶ Not only the city of New York but the State and visitors from other commonwealths joined in making the Silver Jubilee of the metropolis a great success. Besides the outdoor features, including the monster parade on the opening day, the exhibits in Grand Central Palace illustrated the progress of Greater New York since its organization 25 years ago. ¶ The closing of the famous Delmonico Restaurant in New York marks the passing of one of the city's landmarks and evidences changing conditions in the Fifth Avenue neighborhood where Delmonico's was located for a quarter of a century. ¶ Speaking before the National Conference of Social Work in Washington, Herbert Hoover urged the American people not to abandon Russia, even now, though the harvest of this year promises to supply all the necessary foodstuffs. Secretary Hoover said that the need for child aid in Russia is still great. ¶ The Gothenburg Exposition and Tercentenary has resulted in an exodus of Scandinavian-Americans as large as any seen in one season before, and the three steamship lines plying between New York and Scandinavian ports have been crowded on every eastward passage. ¶ It has definitely been decided that Max Reinhardt will produce in this country *The Miracle*, *The Dream Play*, by Strindberg, and *Orpheus*. Despite the announcement that the Hippodrome has finished its last season and is to be torn down, it has been suggested that this theatre be used for the Reinhardt productions.

## Sweden

¶ The Liberal party and the agricultural group both having refused to join with the Conservatives in forming a coalition ministry, it follows that the new cabinet under Premier Trygger has a marked Conservative stamp, though it is not without Liberal tendencies, and though it also contains members chosen rather for expert knowledge than for political prominence. ¶ The first encounter of the new government with the Riksdag scored a victory for the premier. The Socialist directed an attack upon him through an interpellation asking him to state the position of the government on the question of subsidies to the unemployed—the very question which led to the fall of the Branting cabinet after its policies had been disavowed by the Riksdag. Premier Trygger replied that, as a matter of course, he would accept the decision of the Riksdag, as he always did, even when the opinion of the majority was not in accordance with his personal views. Within the limits set by the vote of the Riksdag, everything possible would be done to relieve the wants of the unemployed. ¶ In other matters, too, the new head of the government has shown a flexibility which has taken by surprise those who expected a more rigid attitude from him. He has, for instance, accepted the dictum of the Riksdag in extending the eight hour day law, with certain modifications, for another three years, although this is not in accordance with the program of the Conservatives. Within the ranks of the prime minister's own party there have been some attempts at opposition, but these may now be considered over, and Admiral Lindman, leader of the Conservative group in the second chamber, has pledged the loyal support of the party to the new government. The Liberals have also been willing to maintain a friendly attitude, and it seems that the Trygger cabinet is in a fair way to realize the promise of its chief that it would be a national and not merely a party government. ¶ An important question which has come before the Riksdag has been that of re-establishing the gold standard, which has been urged by financial experts, but has presented practical difficulties. In spite of very strong arguments in favor of the gold standard it was decided by a large majority not to demand at present that the Riksdag redeem paper money with gold. ¶ The great Tercentennial Exposition in Göteborg was opened May 8 with elaborate festivities and under the happiest auspices. The king and several members of the royal family were present, besides many of the most distinguished men and women of the country and a number of visiting foreigners. The Exposition is almost entirely finished, and made an imposing impression. ¶ In connection with the opening of the Exposition, one of the leading business men of the city, the ship-owner, Mr. Dan Broström, donated to the city the sum of 300,000 kronor, to be divided between the High School and the Marine Museum.

## Denmark

¶ On April 25, the regular session of the Rigsdag came to an end, and on the following day King Christian X and Queen Alexandrine celebrated their silver wedding. The whole nation took part in honoring the popular royal couple; it is known that at least one town council in a provincial city which has a Socialist majority sent a telegram of congratulation. Although the king and queen had expressed a desire to make the occasion chiefly a family affair and had asked that no subscriptions for expensive presents be taken, gifts poured in, the largest and most conspicuous being that of the Danish women, consisting of a dinner service for 120 persons with artistically designed vases and allegorical figures, all the work of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain factory. ¶ Among the guests were the king and queen of Norway with the crown prince. King Gustaf was prevented by a slight illness from being present, but several members of the Swedish royal family came. There was first a family luncheon and afterwards a state dinner at the beautiful Fredensborg Castle which was once the gathering place for the crowned heads of Europe. At the latter were present the members of the court and cabinet, the presidents of the Rigsdag houses, foreign diplomats, and the highest officials of Denmark. ¶ The people in the neighborhood paid tribute to the king and queen with an enormous torch-light procession, and the same enthusiasm characterized the crowds that assembled to greet their majesties as they drove quietly through the streets of Copenhagen. One thing that lent particular warmth to the popular demonstration was the fact that the queen has recently gone through a serious operation which, though successful, left her very weak for a time. The rain poured down all day on the silver wedding, but people remembered that it rained also on the day when the newly married royal couple made their first entry into Copenhagen, and in Denmark there is an old tradition that showers on a bridal couple bring luck. ¶ The government has been unable to effect as great a saving by cutting the wages of government employees as had been hoped, and in order to make the budget balance, a so-called luxury-duty has been levied on certain articles of food, such as lobster, shrimps, eatable swallows' nests, etc. ¶ The financial outlook has been greatly helped by the improvement in the situation of the State Railways, which have given a surplus for the fiscal year 1922-1923 of 6,800,000 kroner, whereas last year they showed a deficit of 58,000,000 kroner. ¶ At the beginning of May the National Bank increased its discount for loans from 5 percent to 6 percent with a view to raising the value of the Danish krone and improving the balance of trade. For the first three months of the present calendar year there was an excess of imports over exports amounting to 105,000,000 kroner, the former being 464,000,000 kroner, the latter 359,000,000 kroner.

## Norway

¶ By the death of the Premier, Otto B. Halvorsen, Norway has lost one of its most able and popular statesmen and the Conservative party its trusted leader. The whole Norwegian press, without distinction of party, pays tribute to his wisdom, skill, and integrity. He was respected by all no less for his great moral courage than for his ability. Mr. Halvorsen, who at his death was 51 years of age, had an unusually brilliant career, becoming premier nine years after he had entered parliament. He will be very difficult to replace. ¶ The most sensational event in April was the decision of the two big banks Foreningsbanken and Centralbanken to place themselves under public administration in accordance with the law recently passed by the Storting on state support for weak banks. This decision, of course, created some nervousness in Norwegian financial circles, but a calm and confident view of the situation soon returned. The two banks are now continuing their business under state control. The Government has decided to guarantee all new engagements, and there is also a good prospect of the old creditors being fully paid. ¶ A fatal flying accident occurred on May 14, near Horten, a naval aeroplane falling into the sea. The three occupants of the machine, lieutenants Geelmuyden and Wiig and sergeant Andreassen, were killed. The machine was of English type with a 250 h. p. engine. ¶ The constitution Committee of the Storting in a report expresses scepticism regarding the utility of the League of Nations and the advantage to Norway of being a member. The Committee, however, does not propose Norway's withdrawal from the League at present. ¶ The appointment of Dr. Jens Gleditsch, the Dean of Kristiania, as bishop of Trondhjem has created a great stir within the Norwegian State Church. Dr. Gleditsch is a brilliant theologian of pronounced liberal views, and his appointment has called forth strong protests from the conservative section of the Church. By the vote of the clergy and the lay representatives which precedes every episcopal appointment in Norway Dr. Gleditsch was heavily defeated, receiving only one-third of the number of the votes secured by his conservative rival, the Reverend Freihow. The Government, however, was of opinion that the liberal group of the clergy was entitled to a representative among the bishops. ¶ The increasing emigration to America is causing some concern in Norway. There seems no doubt that the maximum of emigrants from Norway allowed by the United States Immigration Law will be reached this year. In 1922 the numbers of Norwegians emigrating to the States and Canada amounted to 6,500. During the first months of this year already about 8,000 people, chiefly young peasants, have emigrated. In some communities the subject of public aid to emigrants has at least been seriously discussed.



## Books

### "THE SELAMBS" IN ENGLISH

**DOWNSTREAM.** By Sigfrid Siwertz. Translated from the Swedish by E. Classen. 1923. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The selection of Sigfrid Siwertz as a representative of modern Swedish fiction to bring before the American public is probably fortunate. This is not to compare him with his older contemporaries, Verner von Heidenstam and Per Hallström, both of whom would at present outrank him in ultimate significance. But Heidenstam and Hallström stand either for the past or for all time, they can be better appreciated in a hundred years than now; whereas Siwertz writes of social and psychological conditions that are true for to-day in America hardly less than in Sweden. We must recognize in his characters, *mutatis mutandis*, certain types that are being brought out by industrial exploitation, spiritual callosity, and morbid sexuality throughout the western world. Special reference is made to the aftermath of the war and to futuristic art. *Downstream* is therefore a book of the hour.

It must not be supposed, however, that Siwertz is a decadent. The novel is a study of degeneracy, but the prevailing tone of the treatment is not morbid or even pessimistic. Although an impersonal study is made of certain abnormal people, we feel that these are living in a world that is in the large decent and honest. Mr. Edwin Björkman once remarked in a lecture that Ibsen was no pessimist, because the characters that come to grief in his plays are all exceptional to the general run of human nature. The same is true of Siwertz. The types in *Downstream* are similar to those in Balzac but more humanized in the direction of Becky Sharp and Barnes Newcome, though the outlines are too hard to give us quite the naturalism of Thackeray. At all events, there is no reveling in vice for its own sake; one never has a doubt that the author is on the side of the angels.

Nor must we infer that *Downstream* is an attempt at photographic realism. There is broad vision throughout and much penetrative comment, so that the reader emerges from the pages like Coleridge's wedding guest, a sadder and a wiser man. The qualities of beauty for which the short stories of Siwertz are notable appear in this novel

chiefly in the nature descriptions, though there are also touches of charm in the minor characters. If, however, one were to seek the outstanding virtue of *Downstream*, one would probably say controlled emotional power. Each chapter is like a brilliantly dramatic short story, yet the complicated action is developed with a smoothness and balance that is none too common even in the great masters.

The plot of the novel is too elaborate to be summarized. There are five central characters, three brothers and two sisters, who in various ways fulfill the evil destiny prepared for them by bad heredity and environment. Each of them has a chance, but in the end all succumb to one or another form of egoism. Peter becomes a hectoring and vulgar boss; Hedvig, a morbid ascetic; Stellan, a cold-blooded, cheating gambler; Laura, a sensual worldling; and Tord, a misanthrope. All end miserably, whether they live or die, succeed or fail, because each exists only to gratify his, or her own passions. There is a succession of vivid scenes: Peter's machinations in real estate, Hedvig's marriage to a rich young art connoisseur, Stellan's balloon flight with an heiress, Laura's provocation of her husband to give her grounds for divorce, etc. The cleverness of the plot complications is covered by the vigor of the style. Strongest of all, perhaps, is the scene where Tord, forsaken of God and man, steers his sailboat out to sea and goes down in the teeth of the storm.

*Downstream*, written by an author of only forty, is in many ways one of the most remarkable European novels of recent years. Siwertz has now twenty-one books—novels, plays, poems, short stories—to his credit, and few living masters have greater possibilities for the future.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

### SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS

Among the forthcoming books from the press of Alfred A. Knopf is the second volume of Johannes V. Jensen's great trilogy, to be called *The Cimbrians*, and it will appear in the autumn. Another is the continuation of *Kristin Lavransdatter* by Sigrid Undset, the first volume having been published this spring under the English title of *The Bridal Wreath*. A Swedish book which won great popularity upon its first appearance, Hjalmar Bergman's *Markurells*, is also announced for publication.



# The American-Scandinavian Foundation

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples, by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information—*

**Officers:** President, Hamilton Holt; Vice Presidents, John G. Bergquist, John A. Gade and C. S. Peterson; Treasurer, H. Esk. Möller; Secretary, James Creese; Literary Secretary, Hanna Astrup Larsen; Counsel, Henry E. Almberg; Auditors, David Elder & Co.

**Government Advisory Committees:** Danish—A. P. Weis, Chief of the Department of the Ministry of Education, Chairman; Norwegian—K. J. Hougen, Chief of the Department of Church and Education, Chairman. The Swedish Government is represented in the Swedish American Foundation (below).

**Co-operating Bodies:** Sweden—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Malmorgsgatan 5, Stockholm, Svante Arrhenius, President; E. E. Ekstrand, Secretary; Eva Fröberg, Associate Secretary; Denmark—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, M. I. T. C. Clan, President; N. Feilberg, Secretary, Stjerneborg Allee 8; Norway—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Lille Strandgade 1, Christiania, K. J. Hougen, Chairman; Sigurd Folkestad, Secretary.

## THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

The Annual Report of the President, Secretary, and Executive Committee of the Foundation for the year 1922 has been published and will be sent to any Associate of the Foundation upon request to the Secretary. This comprehensive review of the work of a year correlates the events that have been chronicled in these pages of Foundation notes from month to month, and shows the present magnitude and the usefulness of the whole programme of the Foundation. Some of our friends have over-estimated the resources of the Foundation; some are familiar with only one or two of the important features of our plan; and others do not realize that the success of the work, especially of the REVIEW, is determined by the financial support that we receive from our Associates in the annual dues. To give all Associates of the Foundation an opportunity to acquire the information to which they are entitled, the REVIEW now reprints a few paragraphs from the Report. There are in the Report many pages which can not be reproduced here, financial statements, lists of officers and committees, donors and scholars, and any reader who is interested in seeing the complete Report is invited to send for it.

By reviewing the work of a single year, this Report gives the current interpretation of the purpose of the Foundation: "To draw the American and Scandinavian peoples closer in bonds of intellectual kinship, to keep the lamp of international friendship burning, to dispel ignorance, to create good will, these are the tasks to which this Foundation devotes the funds entrusted to it. To these ends we consecrate our efforts and ask the support of our Associates."

## A SUMMARY OF ELEVEN YEARS

"The American-Scandinavian Foundation has completed its eleventh year as an agency of honest public service. It has not faltered in the effort to establish international friendship on mutual knowledge. The Foundation has been rewarded by the support of nearly five thousand Associates, many of them through the full period of eleven years. In this time five hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been expended for the purposes of the Foundation; two hundred and fifty students have received aid for foreign travel and study; ten volumes of THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW have carried knowledge of Scandinavian culture, industry, and affairs into American homes and libraries; twenty SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS and five MONOGRAPHS have in themselves and because of the example to other publishers, added a new richness to American literature; American societies have been established in the capitals of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden and local Chapters in eight American communities; knowledge of art, science, economics, and popular customs have been disseminated through exhibitions and lecture exchanges. This has been done without subsidy from any government, with an endowment that produces a revenue covering only one-fifth of our annual expenditures. It has been the duty of the officers of the Foundation during 1922 to stabilize the programme of the Foundation rather than to enlarge it, to maintain all departments of our work but to reduce the expense of administration, to consolidate our conquests before advancing into new territory." This general review of the work of eleven years is followed by a detailed report on the undertakings of 1922.

## FELLOWSHIPS

"In 1919 and 1920 the Foundation, thanks largely to the initiative and labor of Mr. Leach, established a formal exchange of forty students annually between American and Scandinavian universities, ten each way with Sweden, five each way with Denmark, and five each way with Norway. To each of these forty Fellows of the Foundation, a stipend of \$1,000 for a year of foreign study is awarded by juries representing the Foundation or the co-operating bodies in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The exchange is maintained for a period of five years by annual contributions pledged by citizens of the four countries concerned. Three of the Fellowships in the Exchange and one additional Fellowship from Denmark are subscribed by the Foundation from the Poulson Fund. In 1922 there were also ten Scholars and Honorary Fellows not included in the formal Exchange of forty Fellows. In the spring of 1922, graduates of fifty-nine American colleges, universities, and technological institutions made application for Fellowships of the Foundation. A university drawing students from thirty-one States would be justified in calling itself a national university, and the Foundation feels a right to certain pride in the extension of its educational influence over more than three-fifths of the United States."

## ORGANIZATION

"The Foundation is represented abroad by independent but associated organizations: Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Norge-Amerika-Fondet, Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Advisory Committees appointed by the Danish and Norwegian Governments, the Danish Students' International Committee, and the Icelandic Students' Committee. The officers of the co-operating societies, to whom students wishing to study in America apply, are listed in an appendix to this report. At the eighth annual meeting of Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, held in Copenhagen in October, Alexander Foss, founder of the Society, announced his retirement from the executive committee. Mr. Foss will remain a member of the directing board. Upon the resignation of Director H. P. Prior, President of the Society since 1914, Kammerherre M. J. C. T. Clan was elected to succeed him. On the board of Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Professor Martin Lamm has been appointed to take the place made vacant by the death of Professor Oscar Montelius, Antiquary of the Realm.

"The Trustees of the Foundation through committees, officers, and staff members listed in the appendix to this report, direct all work of the Foundation, and supervise the administration of funds. At the meeting of the Board in November, 1922, the Honorable J. A. O. Preus, Governor of the State of Minnesota, was elected Trustee to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Consul General Hans H. T. Fay."

## THE REVIEW

"The REVIEW in 1922 was issued in eleven numbers of sixty-four pages and a Yule number of eighty pages with a frontispiece in color by Carl Larsson. The REVIEW has continued in the policy of issuing Book Numbers which give the only complete information available in English on the current literary output of the Scandinavian countries. Other special numbers were devoted to fiction, opportunities for travel and education in the Scandinavian countries. Each volume of the REVIEW adds to a popular but reliable encyclopedic accumulation. With editorial economies and an increase in subscription fee, the REVIEW has more nearly paid its own way than in any other year of its history; the deficit being one-fifth as great as in 1921."

## ASSOCIATES AND CHAPTERS

"Associates in seven American communities have maintained Chapters, and in New York a Junior League has been organized. Receptions, concerts, art exhibitions, and lectures have been arranged by the various Chapters or under the joint auspices of the Chapters. Among Scandinavian visitors entertained by the New York Chapter were Dr. Morten P. Porsild, Christian Sinding, and Anders De-Wahl; in February this Chapter celebrated the eightieth birthday of Georg Brandes, and in October gave a dinner to honor the former Secretary of the Foundation and Mrs. Leach. During the winter and spring months a number of lectures were delivered in Jamestown before the Chapter members."

## BOOK PUBLISHING

"*Scandinavian Art*, a volume of 662 pages and 375 illustrations, was published by the Foundation in October, 1922, as the fifth SCANDINAVIAN MONOGRAPH. For this, the first comprehensive treatment of Scandinavian art in any language, the Foundation is fundamentally indebted to Mr. C. Henry Smith of San Francisco, whose munificent gift provided

for the manuscripts and the engravings. The survey of Swedish Art has been written by Carl G. Laurin, author of *Konsthistoria, Sweden Through the Artist's Eye*, etc.; the account of Danish Art in the nineteenth century is by Emil Hannover, director of the Danish Museum of Industrial Art; the development of modern Norwegian art has been traced by Jens Thiis, director of the National Gallery in Christiania.

"The SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS for 1922 were *A Book of Danish Verse*, translated in the original meters by S. Foster Damon and Robert Silliman Hillyer, Fellows to Denmark in 1920-1921, and *Per Hallström: Selected Short Stories*, translated from the Swedish by F. J. Fielden, and published with the aid of Mr. Peterson."

#### BUREAU OF STUDENTS AND INFORMATION

"In addition to general information service there is included in this department the work done for students and visiting scholars. One hundred and eighty-five letters of introduction were given Scandinavian students, not Fellows of the Foundation, recommended to us by our co-operating bodies abroad.

"Under the general direction of the Institute of International Education five international students' tours were arranged for the summer of 1922, the tour to the Scandinavian countries being under the auspices of The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

"The Foundation designated as Exchange Lecturers, Dr. Morten P. Porsild of the Danish Arctic station at Disko, Greenland, who delivered a series of eleven lectures before American academic audiences and scientific societies; Dr. Frederick Lynch, executive and director of the New York Peace Society, who lectured on Christian Unity at Uppsala and on American and World Problems in Christiania and Copenhagen; President Henry Noble MacCracken of Vassar College; and Mr. Hamilton Holt, President of the Foundation, who made an official visit to the Scandinavian countries in the summer of 1922. Professor Waldemar C. Westergaard of Pomona College, California, Fellow of the Foundation to Sweden, for 1922-1923, was invited, at the suggestion of the Institute of International Education, to deliver in Christiania a series of five lectures on American history.

"The Bureau of Information has furnished stereopticon slides and lecture notes to numerous clubs and societies throughout the country. The services to such lecturers and also to pub-

lishers, research workers, authors, and the like are given without charge. The Scandinavian Union Library Unit which is being compiled at Harvard College Library with a special endowment from Dr. Henry Goddard Leach has received several valuable accessions during the year.

"The correspondence during the year totaled 79,210 formal communications and 10,898 personal letters."

#### RECOMMENDATIONS

The Annual Report is signed by the President and the Secretary of the Foundation who, in conclusion, have made four recommendations for the development of the Foundation: permanent headquarters, a building in which the Schofield Memorial Library and the various departments may have adequate space; building up the endowment by adding one-tenth of the annual income from the capital fund; a campaign for the renewal of the Fellowship Exchange; and the appointment of an American Exchange Lecturer to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The last of these recommendations resulted in the designation of Dr. John H. Finley, the Associate Editor of the New York Times, to be our lecturer for 1923.

#### THE FINANCIAL REPORT

The balance sheet of the auditors, David Elder & Co., show the assets of the Foundation to be \$572,158.11, of which \$526,652.04 are capital assets. The endowment established by Niels Poulsen yielded an income in 1922 of \$20,304.74; which was but a little more than one-fifth of the total amount required and raised for the work of the year. The awards to students and Fellows of the Foundation alone came to \$44,449.00, more than twice as much as the income from the Poulson Fund. This is the great evidence of the fact that the Foundation to-day works in the spirit of its Founder, for the student exchange was his first thought, and it was his ambition, now realized, that others following his example would become generous patrons of international scholarship and of the students who go back and forth between American and Scandinavian universities.





## THE NEW YORK CHAPTER

On May 19, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Cronmeyer gave a farewell reception for the Fellows of the Foundation at their home on Albemarle Road, Brooklyn. This is the third time that their hospitable home has been the scene of the formal farewell to the visiting students from Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. A garden party for the students at Allhall, the Long Island summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Frode C. W. Rambusch, brought together again the Fellows, the members of the student committee of the Chapter, and the Junior League. The garden party was held on Sunday, May 27, and the guests met at noon to be taken from New York in an automobile bus.

## THE CHICAGO CHAPTER

Associates of the Foundation in Chicago met at a "Get-Together Dinner" at the Swedish Club on Tuesday, May 15. It was expected that Mr. Morris, until recently Minister to Sweden, would speak on Sweden as he learned to know the country during his eight years there; but when he was prevented from attending the dinner, other friends of the Foundation spoke for him. Dr. Carl Antonsen was chairman for the evening.

## THE FOUNDATION AT GÖTEBORG

Opposite the main entrance to the fair grounds at Göteborg are the reception, reading, and exhibition rooms equipped by the Foundation, Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, and the American-Swedish News Exchange. Each American visitor sailing from New York received an invitation to visit these rooms and to avail himself of the services of our representatives who will be there during the summer. These rooms will be the American headquarters and during American week, ending July 5, a *Daily Bulletin* will be issued to give the American visitor the wireless news of the day from America. Thanks to the courtesy of the U. S. Naval Communications Bureau and the Swedish Department of Telegraphs, the American-Swedish News Service has arranged for direct radio news service. The special exhibits of the three co-operating institutions show the results of their activity in promoting friendly interchange between America and Sweden. Three beautifully illuminated charts summarize the student exchange conducted by the Foundation, under which three hundred students have benefited by foreign travel and study.

## AN ICELANDIC SCHOLAR

Professor A. H. Bjarnason, professor of philosophy in the University of Iceland and editor of the Icelandic literary quarterly *Idunn*, came to America on May 13 to lecture in Boston and visit the Icelandic communities of the Northwest. He was welcomed to New York by a tea given for him by Mr. and Mrs. H. Esk Möller. Mr. Möller is a member of the Board of Trustees and Treasurer of the Foundation.

## Scandinavian Study

The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study held its thirteenth annual meeting at the State University of Iowa at Iowa City May 4th and 5th. The first session was called to order by the President of the Society, Professor Henning Larsen, at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon. Professor Charles B. Wilson bade the Society welcome to the University.

The following papers were read and discussed at the Friday afternoon session: (1) The Romanic Sources of the *Didreks Saga*, Dr. Alexander H. Krappe, Junior College of Flat River. (2) The Cultural Elements in Björnson's *Fiskerjenten* with Special Reference to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, Professor A. M. Sturtevant, University of Kansas. (3) A Forgotten Speech by Strindberg, Professor Jules Mauritzson, Augustana College. (4) Some Notes on the Wade Legends, Mr. E. J. Bashe, University of Iowa. (5) Baldr and the *Beowulf*, Professor Kemp Malone, University of Minnesota.

At the Saturday morning session the remaining papers were read and discussed. (6) The Historical Drama in Shakespeare and in Strindberg, Professor Harry V. E. Palmblad, Phillips University, read by Professor Joseph Alexis. (7) Notes on the Dialect of the First Hand in *Cod. Stockh.* 4, Fol. Mbr. of the *Didreks Saga*, Professor Henning Larsen, University of Iowa. (8) Old Norse *elska* and the Notion of Love, Professor Hermann Collitz, Johns Hopkins University, read by Professor A. M. Sturtevant.

At 6:30 Friday the Society was invited to dinner at the home of Dean and Mrs. Seashore, where a most enjoyable evening was spent. The singing of Scandinavian songs occupied an important part of the program. Professor Jules Mauritzson expressed the gratitude of the guests in a speech addressed

to the host and the hostess of the evening.

The following officers were elected: President, Prof. Jules Mauritzson; Vice-President, Prof. Kemp Malone; Secretary-Treasurer, Prof. Joseph Alexis; Educational Secretary, Miss Maren Michelet; Editor of *Scandinavian Studies*, Prof. A. M. Sturtevant. As the new members of the Advisory Board Prof. C. N. Gould of the University of Chicago and Prof. O. E. Rølvaag of St. Olaf College were elected.

The Society has at this time a greater number of members than ever before. The loyal co-operation of the American-Scandinavian Foundation during the past years is indeed praiseworthy, and the Society voiced its appreciation of the valuable assistance received. It is hoped that the future may bring even closer co-operation than heretofore.

JOSEPH ALEXIS, Secretary.

University of Nebraska, Lincoln.

## Northern Lights

### THE MAGAZINES

The Scandinavian countries have received an unusual amount of attention in American periodicals recently. Every month brings some new and fresh revelation of the art, literature, or scenic beauty of the North. Particularly attractive is the May number of *The Cunarder*, published by the Cunard Steamship Company and distributed on the boats of the line. In this Special Scandinavian Number, each of the three countries receives attention, the article on Sweden being contributed by Consul-General Lamm. A page of masterpieces of Northern art and two pages of views from the North, both loaned by the Information Bureau of the Foundation, are excellently reproduced, as are also Wilse's fine photographs from Dovre illustrating an article by the editor of the REVIEW.

### "OUR WORLD"

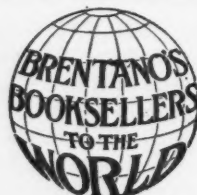
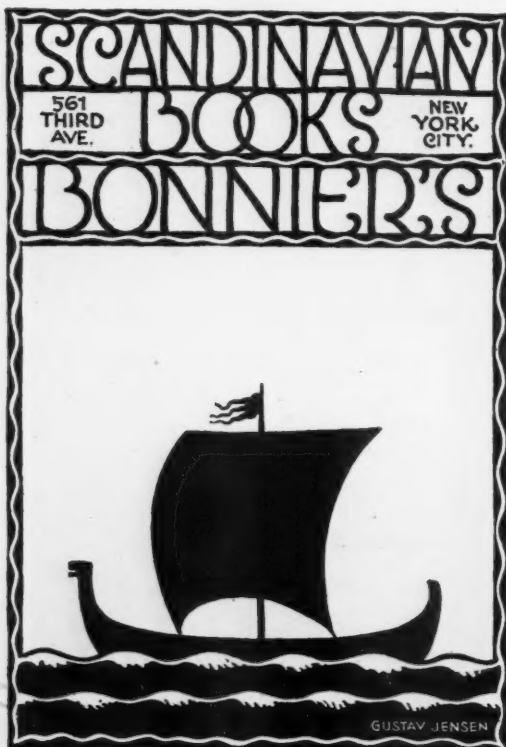
Less beautiful in appearance, but weightier in subject matter is the Scandinavian and Baltic number published in May by *Our World*, a magazine issued by the Houston Publishing Company, Herbert S. Houston, president, and devoted to promoting international under-

standing. Among its leading articles is one entitled "How Scandinavia Keeps the Peace" by Arthur Bullard, one of the editors of the magazine. Discussing the community of interest between the United States and the Northern countries, Mr. Bullard says: "No international bond is so strong as 'common interests,' and it is truly surprising to note how uniformly American and Scandinavian interests in world affairs run in common. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that if, in all the negotiations since the armistice, we had instructed our representatives to vote as the Scandinavian countries have voted, our interests would have been completely served. In the broadest generalization their predominant interest in European affairs is identical with ours. They are not looking for any territory nor for special privileges, but for peace. . . . In one detail after another, the Scandinavian countries have acted as we, in our best moods, would have liked to act." Speaking of the Slesvig settlement and contrasting it with the policies of France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Poland, and Greece, he points out how these countries "less enlightened than the Danes, are now vexed and distracted over the problem of dealing with unwilling—and therefore—disloyal subjects. Here is a dangerous cause of unrest in Europe which will not be solved right until it is solved the Danish way. We hope it would also be our way." Yet the case of Slesvig was simple, Mr. Bullard says, compared with that of the Åland Islands; but that too was settled peacefully.

Other articles in the number were "A New Patriotism in the Northern Lands" by the editor of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW; "Filming Wild Fowl from the Air," describing the work of the famous Swedish naturalist and bird wizard, Bengt Berg, by Victor Oscar Freeburg; "The Northmen in America," telling of the contributions made by Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes to the United States, by Henry Goddard Leach; and a review of the work of modern Scandinavian writers by Harriet V. Wishnieff.

On the day before the publication of the Scandinavian number, Mr. Houston invited the consuls and official press representatives of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark together with others of Scandinavian interests or affiliations to a luncheon at the Hotel Pennsylvania, where Elsa Brändström and Bengt Berg were guests of honor. The Foundation was represented by its President and Secretary, and the Editor of the REVIEW.





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